

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI

A man may overtake a lot of people on the road to ruin, but he never meets any one.

The thoroughly domestic woman will do everything for you except make you happy.

The New York World insists that "even royal princesses are human." Yes, intensely so.

The average annual cost for each pupil for public school education in Germany is \$12.86.

When aeroplanes get to working easily it may be found necessary to roof the penitentiary yards.

John Thaddeus Delane was editor of the London Times from 1840 to 1877, the period of the paper's greatest importance and influence.

King Edward recently rode in an English street car, and we'll bet that was one time in his life that the end-seat hog had to move over.

In Nervous New York they bounced a shop girl because she was pretty. In Merry Milwaukee, boasts the Sentinel, all the shop girls are good looking.

The men who are trying to teach women to properly alight from street cars should be taken off the job and put to work in a perpetual motion machine factory.

In the public schools of Strassburg, Germany, men teachers get \$342.72 to \$337.72 per annum, according to the years of service, and women teachers get from \$333.20 to \$666.40.

In consequence of a Lahore literary society announcing a lecture, "Man, the Index of Creation," the city authorities sent 25 armed constables down to the lecture hall, which only held 50 people.

The police chiefs in convention are asking that the "officer of the law" be no longer made the subject of jokes and funny pictures. That is a reasonable request. It is now up to the police to stop being funny.

Olga Nethersole says if she had it to do over again she'd be a wife and mother rather than an actress. Lots of sense in this. World could perhaps get along without actresses, but not without wives and mothers.

The New Zealand parliament is to adjourn on the occasion of the visit of the American fleet and will appropriate \$40,000 to pay the expenses of entertaining the visitors. This is friendship that bears the real brand.

An incandescent lamp in its green shade will, when turned upward toward the ceiling, spread a soft and pleasantly diffused light, plenty strong enough for a room where no one is reading. When the lamp is so used no shadows are cast.

It is essential to note that penny postage between Great Britain and this country means two penny postage between this country and Great Britain. In other words the Americanized penny, so called, is a good deal of a misnomer.

After October 1 it will only cost two cents for an American to write a letter to England and vice versa. But there are a good many on each side who have no transatlantic correspondents, and they will be inclined to regard the reduction dubiously.

A cat in a New York suburb went mad the other day and attacked a young woman who fed it a piece of pie. This is where animals have the advantage of human beings. A man in similar circumstances would be obliged to suppress his feelings.

Noting the recent events in the respective scandals of France and Germany, Harden, who is to get a new trial, should take precautions against the day when the military and court party, finding all other measures ineffective, will begin shooting at him.

A Boston medical scientist has discovered in Boston a girl with six distinct personalities. This may be rare for Boston, says the Baltimore American, but other places are entirely familiar with the phenomenon of a woman who is never the same thing twice. In fact, continual changing is regarded in these places as a long-conceded privilege of the sex.

It will be news to most persons that drunkenness can be superinduced by absorbing too much water—that is, laying "fire water" out of consideration. But a learned professor, in a lecture in Chicago, declared that "many men and women drink too much water and are victims of that form of intoxication." However, the statement is not likely to convince anybody that the prohibition movement is really a liquor crusade in disguise.

SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH



Of all the sounds of summer there are few which in pure sweetness excel the song of the wood thrush. The singer seeks the seclusion of the thickets, and you must go to him to hear his exquisite solo. It is a tinkling song, seemingly best at sunset—a silver vesper bell sounding in the quiet woodland as the shadows lengthen.

Only one other bird—though some persons with ears attuned to nature say two others—surpasses in the pure music of its notes the song of the wood thrush. The hermit thrush, a brother bird, breaks the silence of the northern wilderness with a song that is unapproached and perhaps unapproachable.

It is a long journey to the home of the hermit, while the wood thrush may be heard within sight of the city. If he there have found a bit of woodland with a thicket, retreat that suits his ideas of a summer home. Frank M. Chapman says that the song of the wood thrush is an invitation; that the bird sings again and again "Come to me," "Come to me." The comparison is apt, and he who accepts the invitation may listen to a song that is full payment for the trouble of the journeying.

The wood thrush has discovered that in the cemeteries, even though they be within the city walls, there is comparative seclusion and safety. A few pairs build every year in those burial places where the landscape gardeners have held that the best effects are produced by giving nature a fairly free hand and have left much of nature's handiwork.

There is excuse enough for dwelling upon the song of the wood thrush. So much is put down in prose and poetry

A VESPER HYMN OF EXQUISITE SWEETNESS—NESTS IN CITY CEMETERIES.

DEVILRY IN THE SHRIKE

Fond of Bird Brains and Kills Without Mercy—Grosbeak Eats Potato Bugs—Habits of Other Feathered Folk of Prey.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.

(Associate Member American Ornithologists' Union.)

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for every passing breeze. The result is that the little house constantly flies a flag, as if to denote that the owner is at home. This pennant attracts the collector—for collectors, sadly enough, are everywhere—and the home is often harried.

The man who can listen to the song of a wood thrush and then rob the nest is the fellow whom Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote about the man who has no music in his soul, though possibly this particular species of nest robber has no soul in which to store music. There is some reason for expressing feeling in this matter, for recently some one carried away the nest and eggs of a wood thrush from a tree in a city cemetery. I had watched the building of the little home, and had hoped to see four young wood thrushes taught how to fly, but the hand of the spoiler was stayed not even in "God's acre."

In changing the subject from the wood thrush to the loggerhead shrike one has to turn his pen 180 degrees. The birds are antipodal in character. One is all sweetness and light and the

loggerhead's nest containing young in an orange tree. A small green snake had been impaled upon a thorn and its body nearly touched the nest. As the weather was hot the effect could not have been pleasant to sensitive organs of smell, but I sometimes doubt if some birds know what odor is. If they do they can stand much in the way of things offensive. The Maryland yellow throat, a gem of a bird, frequently builds its nest within the leaves of skunk cabbage. There is a much better opportunity to watch the predatory habits of the



Wood Thrush.

great northern shrike than there is to observe those of the loggerhead. The northern bird is with us in winter, and hunger drives him into the cities, where he carries on the laudable work of killing English sparrows. One of these birds daily visited a tree in front of my window overlooking a busy city street. Almost invariably he caught a sparrow. Once after he had struck a victim it escaped from him and fell fluttering to a snow bank. I picked up the sparrow and killed it to put it out of its misery. It had a clean, round hole in its skull. How the shrike made such a perfect circle with its hooked beak has been a puzzling question to this day.

On another occasion I witnessed a bit of shrike strategy. The bird knew apparently that the crevices in the cornice of a big city building afforded retreats for the sparrows. It flew along the cornice fluttering its wings and literally "beating the coverts." A frightened sparrow flew out and the shrike gave chase. The sparrow zigzagged in its flight, bothering its pursuer not a little. The shrike "overran" the sparrow time after time, but finally seized it just as it reached the edge of a thick bush, in the heart of which it would have been safe. The victim was killed and its brains were eaten with an appetite sharpened by the chase. The shrike is a smaller bird than the robin. It sings well and it is hard to account for its predatory habits.

Something was said recently about a goldfinch which sheltered its young from the heat of the sun by spreading its wings and forming a feathered canopy over the nest. Dr. Dearborn, assistant curator of birds at the Field Columbian museum, secured a photograph of a goldfinch doing this act of kindness for its little ones.

Something has been said of the apparent disregard of birds for odors that are offensive to man. Possibly we should not regard such indifference to bad smells as being a particle more peculiar than are the tastes of birds in the matter of diet. The robin loves angle worms, while man regards them with loathing. The black-billed and the yellow-billed cuckoos think hairy caterpillars the most epicurean of repasts. Nearly every other species of birds turn away from the caterpillars, which were it not for the cuckoos, would soon denude our trees of the beauty of their foliage. The buzzard dines off dog and considers that he has feasted. What is a little thing like a smell to an organism that can thrive upon the repulsive things of earth?

I have seen birds of many kinds drink of the waters of a spring that smelled to heaven, while not ten yards away was a sweet flowing fountain. To be sure, the spring where the songsters drank was medicinal, and man partook freely while he held his nose. Possibly long before man came the birds had found the virtue that was in the waters.

The rose-breasted grosbeak, one of our common summer residents has in recent years developed a food fondness for which the farmer rises up and calls him blessed. The grosbeak has found potato bugs to his liking and he destroys the pests by the hundreds. A pair of grosbeaks in a potato field will do all the service of a barrel of paris green and will leave no poison traces behind to mar the results of their work. The rose-breast is the very Beau Brummel of birds. His appearance would denote a taste for ambrosia, but potato bugs are to his liking, and who will quarrel with a preference directed along the lines of such usefulness to mankind?

EDWARD B. CLARK.

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back, Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him.



To all who enclose postage he will reply, telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOT EVE'S FAULT THAT TIME.

Childish Realism Instilled Into Story of Garden of Eden.

Realism rules the nursery. A certain Philadelphia matron, who had taken pains to inculcate Biblical stories as well as ethical truths in her three children, heard, the other day, long drawn howls of rage and grief filtering down from the playroom. Up two flights she hurried, to find on the floor Jack and Ethel, voices uplifted. Thomas, aged nine, sat perched upon the table, his mouth full and his eyes gully.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Bo-o-o!" came from Ethel; "we were playing Garden of Eden. Bo-o-o!"

"But what is there to cry about?"

Then Jack, with furious finger pointing at Tom, ejaculated through his tears: "God's eat the apple!"—Bohemian Magazine.

CAN'T BLAME TOMMY MUCH.



"Tommy, were you fighting with that Carter boy?"

"Yes, maw."

"Didn't I tell you not to quarrel with anyone?"

"Yes, maw; but I thought all bets were off since you quit speaking to the Carter boy's maw."

The Useful Reason.

Rev. Sydney Goodman—his Men's church at Atlantic City, with its smoking congregations and its moving pictures, has already brought out many imitators—is noted for the brilliancy and originality of his sermons.

"Even in a begging sermon," said a member of the Men's church, "Mr. Goodman can amuse. He began a recent begging sermon in this manner: 'A deacon said to the minister's wife:

"Why is your husband always asking for money, money, money?"

"The minister's wife sighed:

"I suppose it is because you never give him any," said she."

DIFFERENT NOW

Athlete Finds Better Training Food.

It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and cut the meat down to a small portion once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Michigan man, "having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food.

"I got some Grape-Nuts, and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track, I felt more lively and active.

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee, and the way I gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept., I weighed 140. I attribute my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts.

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



Goldfinch Sheltering Its Young.

of the music of the mocking bird that the wonder grows if the writers ever heard the evening hymn of our sober-clad wood thrush. The mocker's song is ambitious and of wonderful tone quality, but there is something holy about the hymn of the wood thrush that falls upon and moves the heart. It is a call to prayer.

The wood thrush places its nest



Loggerhead Shrike, Nest and Young.

ordinarily in a sapling about 15 feet from the ground, but there are many exceptions to the general rule. More than half the nests—at least so runs my experience—have a bit of cloth in them. The bird seemingly has a fondness for streamers and the longer and narrower the piece of cloth that it picks up the better it is pleased. Lacking the wisdom of some of its fellow birds, the thrush often fastens only one end of the cloth ribbon to the nest and leaves nearly the full length of the material as a plaything

other is pretty nearly all sin and darkness.

The loggerhead shrike (*Lanius ludovicianus*) comes to the northern states in early spring and stays all summer. He replaces his brother, the great northern shrike, which has spent the winter with us and has retreated beyond the Canadian border with the first touch of warm weather.

The loggerhead is a slate gray, black and white creature, with a small hawklike bill. He is a curiously interesting bird, and the devilry in him rather adds to his interest. He loves bird brains, and he uses his own brains to good advantage in obtaining them. He sits in a tree top, apparently innocently surveying the landscape, until some small bird, a chickadee, a goldfinch or some other feathered tid-bit flies by, and then the loggerhead gets after it in full chase. Unless the quarry can reach the cover of a thicket the shrike seizes it. It strikes its beak through the skull and then bears the victim to a tree, where the murderer feasts on brains.

After appeasing its appetite the shrike hangs the body of its victim in the crotch of two small branches or impales it upon a thorn. What the bird does this for is hard to tell, for it rarely returns to the quarry. The loggerhead isn't bad through and through, however. It eats thousands of the larger insects during its nesting season, and kills all the small snakes in sight, though this latter act perhaps cannot be put down as a service, for small snakes have their place in the economy of nature and aid man in many ways.

The loggerhead usually builds in a thorn tree, the smaller locusts, the thorn apple and the orange tree being favorite homesteading sites. It makes a butcher shop of the tree, hanging up its bird, snake and big insect victims like so many carcasses in a meat market. I once found a log-